MUSKOKA SKETCH

—BY—

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EDITOR SIR W. R. HAMILTON'S "ELEMENTS OF QUATERNIONS,"

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TO THE READER.

You need not expect an elaborate treatise on Muskoka.

I have prepared for you a sketch of men and things, but mainly of men.

No attempt at classification, or arrangement, has been made, other than a general adherence to the order of sequence of time interrupted occasionally by the intrusion of matter omitted "in situ".

If you wish further news as to the sporting or farming inducements of the district, you can enquire from me (stamp enclosed for reply), through the mail. See also my descriptions given in the Muskoka Atlas (of Page and Co. Chicago), and in the report of Messrs Kirkwood and Murphy, published under the sanction of the Crown Lands' office, Toronto.

Those who can tell Muskoka bear stories without stretching, and any who can give Muskoka fishing incidents without lying, are requested to write to me at once, so as to prepare fresh matter for the second edition.

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P. S. Be sure to put Ont. Canada, unless you wish your letter to go to the German Dresden.

MUSKOKA SKETCH.

Ever since the Free Grant Act was first published, Muskoka had tickled my curiosity. A Canadian Scotland without Abbotsford, towering mountains, or the Duke of Sutherland, but with deer, wild fowl, otters, lakes, respectably prominent rocks, waterfalls and ravines, and having additional attaactions of bears, wolves and beavers—such was my first dim idea of the Canadian Highlands, as of a land only needing a few centuries of action and poetry to become the Mecca of the tourists of the world.

Then the practical side turned up with equally alluring fascination. Here was a chance to become a landed proprietor of one hundred acres free grant. Just fancy owning, in fee simple, being absolute monarch of over four millions of square feet of the earth's surface, to say nothing of the unknow mineral treasures beneath. True there were a few preliminary conditions A house, 16x20 feet, had to be erected, and fifteen acres cleared in five years, the latter stipulation of course meaning only a little gentle exercise, to drive away laziness. The drawback of cold winters never gave me a moment's trouble. I had braved the snowstorms and cold snaps of the Eastern Townships, and felt myself frost-proof. When some of my Toronto friends, with up-lifted eyebrows, asked me if I intended wintering in Muskoka, in somewhat the same tone as if they had heard me express my intention to walk through a prairie blizzard in my shirt sleeves, I answered curtly that Muskoka winters had no terror for me. Another class of city cynics told me that Muskoka was a barren wilderness, and that I could not get enough soil on the rocks to plant potatoes in, till I had saved up a year's tea leaves and floor dust to clothe the rock. This worried me a good deal and I read and re-read the government circulars, and McMurray's pamphlet again and again, without getting peace. I was determined to go, and like all intending emigrants, was judging between the Pros. and Cons. with a strong bias towards the former. In this state of perplexity, and strolling along Queen street, Toronto, I saw in the window of a little fat Dutch druggist, who owned a Muskoka farm, a huge round red beet. Nothing like it had I ever seen even at horticultural shows in England. My last scruple vanished, conquered by a root, and I made up my mind to seek the Northern wilderness of milk, potatoes and honey, at the first convenient opportunity. This did not occur for some time, but I made a move in the direction of my future home, by migrating to Meaford, a very enjoyable country town, tenanted by friendly, sociable citizens. Among these was the noted Bill Hurley. I disguise the name, but those who know him will recognize the description. Bill was

hunter, fisherman, trapper, shanty-man and dock laborer by turns. When his bar bill ran up to an amount that made Boniface shut down on credit, Bill would sell a grave lot on account, and was the only toper on record who kept a private tally-book to check the score. Hurley had a narrow escape from a romantic death, during the midnight blackness of a nocturnal thunderstorm. He had been indulging in a few potations, and towards midnight, sallied forth with a vague intention of sleeping in an untenanted building formerly used for marble works. In the blinding rain, and aided by occasional lightning flashes, he trudged along the sidewalk, miscalculating the position of a jog in the road at the bridge, the fence guarding the approach to which had been removed. In an instant Bill had fallen into the river, but by one of those streaks of good luck which often favor topers, he lit into a shallow place, and not feeling his damaged shoulder, calmly reposed on a smooth bowlder, which served for a pillow. He tried to work out the problem, as to whether he should sue the pump-maker, who as he believed removed the fence, or the town of Meaford. The mental effort exhausted him, and he fell asleep. Next morning, in the grey dawn, some passing fishermen, from the battlements of the bridge, dimly traced the outlines of what to their superstitious eyes, seemed a marine monster. However the supposed Merman groaned with such a human moan, that they plucked up courage, and carried him out of his watery bed. Another Meaford celebrity I shall call Hamyl. He was a vet., so celebrated according to his own account, that when passing the farm of the owner of an ailing horse, the people along the road would shout out, "Hamyl is coming," and drag him in by force to prescribe for the fourfooted patient.

I happened to have my university hood and gown in my trunk, which attracted the landlord's blooming daughters, and at their request I put on the Academicals in the sitting room of which the window blinds were so closed but that Hamyl, who was outside, could see me. Next day, he called Mrs. J., my landlady, for a private interview, and told her that I was a Catholic priest in disguise and he knew it, for he had seen me in my priest's dress. The same academicals proved a great source of mystery to some agricultural Americans in a country town in Michigan. They could understand the square covered cap and the gown, but the black silk hood with its white fur lining, was unfathomable, especially the bag pertaining to it. At last one of them hit on an explanation which seemed to satisfy the crowd. "I guess that's were he puts the collection after he has got through with his lecture."

If the reader has pardoned these digressions, he may now imagine me nine years ago in the fall, on board the *Waubano*, bound from Collingwood to Parry Sound. An agent for a

Toronto fur establishment, and a burly North of Ireland Dynamiter were the only other passengers of whom my memory retains any traces. I do not use the word Dynamiter in its modern sense. The gentleman—Mr. Fulmen will do for his name—was thoroughly loyal, and an agent to introduce Dynamite for blasting purposes into the Parry Sound district.

I showed him one curious fact about the Dynamite, that although a lump of it would not explode, but only burn like damp powder, when touched by a match, yet it went off like a flash, when the rays of a sun glass struck it.

The voyage to Parry Sound was short and very enjoyable. The Christian Islands ("Faith Hope and Charity," according to the naming of the old French missionaries) and other woodland gems set in the placid bosom of the Georgian Bay, were charming in the extreme. The harbor of Parry Sound was land-locked, and capable of receiving vessels drawing 18 feet with anchorage close to the wharves, although the mill sawdust was beginning to reduce the depth of the harbor.

From an agricultural standpoint, Parry Sound seemed to consist of 70 per cent. of rock and 30 per cent. of yellow sand, but here a glimpse of a great fact was impressed upon me, that you must never trust your eyes in the Muskoka region. There was excellent land further North and as to any particular lot, however rugged the frontage, there was always good land "at the back." Even where this good back land was invisible, you were always told to believe in its existence, just as the unseen side of the moon may be shapely and level, through what we see is barren and pock-marked by past volcanoes. Here is absolutely necessary, without going too deeply into geology, to give the reader some understanding of what kind of rock crops up in Muskoka, by which name, I mean the whole district including Parry Sound. The Muskoka rock is mainly "gneiss," which contains quartz, mica and feldspar, the three elements of granite. In fact gneiss is granite crumbled to pieces, and then reconstructed by nature, into the same rock differently arranged, the gneiss being stratified or built up in layers. Sometimes these once parallel planes, probably through the upheaving of the earth in ancient times are twisted into all kinds of shapes, but the contorted laminæ are laid uniformly, one over the other, like the leaves of a book which is squeezed and crumbled, without being divided. From the wearing away of the feldspar, the soil gets plenty of potash, and a certain amount of lime is supplied by the crumbling of a mineral called dolomite. Here and there there are rocks of crystallised limestone yielding a magnificent lime for building purposes, very pure and capable of taking five parts of sand, with the result of a strong mortar. The natives however, did not understand the right mode of burning it.

Parry Sound was a very different place from what I had imagined it to be. I looked for a dull village of log shanties, but instead, I saw some excellent stores including one where five clerks were busily engaged. There were also some very large mills, notably one operated by J. C. Miller, M.P.P. He and Beatty seemed to be the two kings of Parry Sound. Beatty was a teetotaler, of the pronounced kind. When he sold a lot he introduced temperance clauses into the conveyance, of the most strigent nature. I don't remember the details very accurately, but the purchaser of a Beatty lot was bound not to sell or in any way traffic in liquor during his life and the lives of Her Majesty and of the Royal children and grandchildren, and a year and a month and a day after the decease of all these great persons. The limits of Parry Sound village were thus under a absolute personal prohibition, so far as the liquor traffic was concerned, the barter of a pig for its equivalent in whiskey being forbidden. The village became thus an interesting study for temperance legislators. Across the river, however, a tavern flourished as a part of the nucleus of the rival village, then called Carrington. "Going across the bridge" was then looked on as a suspicious act, in a teetotaler, and equivalent to going out of a concert to "see a man," or in plain words, to "take a horn." There were, however, a surprising number of teetotal florists in Parry Sound, who visited Carrington, either boldly in broad daylight or surreptitiously rowing across the harbor over its moonlit ripples, but in either case, to consult the landlord of the Carrington tavern as to the best plan of striking cuttings of pinks. The visitors hid in the shade of friendly pines, if Mr. Beatty, of whom they seemed in mortal dread, was seen in the distance. The most striking instance, which I saw of Mr. Beatty's power was at an I. O. G. T. evening entertainment, at which he appeared in full regalia, and when some of the unruly village youths got up a side show of their own, so as to drown the recitations, Beatty just said, "I wish our young friends near the door would not be so demomstrative," and funeral silence, unbroken by a sneeze, prevailed.

I had picked up, from an English newspaper, the mistaken idea that Muskoka was peopled wholly, by English laborers, who had risen to independence on the free grants. I soon found that the district was full of men who had held most excellent positions in the old country, retired army officers, professional men, and capitalists. With one such settler I chummed at Kirkman's hotel in the Sound. He was from the fashionable quarter of London (England), and having no very definite aims in life, other than banjo-playing, amused himself by firing with a revolver from an upper window at the clothes line, hoping to bring its precious load to the ground, but sometimes piercing mys-

terious feminine garments, much to the discomfiture of the landlord's comely daughters. He and I used to chat in the sitting room about London society and congenial topics, till the exhaustion of the wood in the stove froze us out. One evening, while in the full flow of talk, an apparition, from the adjoining bedroom, into to which a great crowd of shantymen were tightly packed in sleep, startled us, saying, "I'll call my mates, so you shut up or fight." Another night, with the mercury condensed into the spherical glitter of the bulb, a terrific report woke up every inmate of the house, and Mrs. K. rushed out pale as a ghost and too thinly clad for comfort. Everybody cross-examined everybody else, we were suspected as being the last up, but the noise was from the the sitting room, and we were asleep in our several bedrooms, when this roar, more terrible than thunder, roused the awe-struck family of the host. A regular Guy Fawkes search for concealed explosives followed, but in vain, and we all went back to bed, not to sleep, but to wait for the next crack of doom. Morning revealed the msytery in the shape of the mutilated banjo,which had been strung above concert pitch and had cracked bridge and all by the intense frost. Only one other thing do I want to say just now about Parry Sound. The post-master I found to be a pearl among P. M's. He often opened the office at 11 p.m. to give me a registered letter, and acted as my banker, on a small but troublesome scale, receiving a sum of cash for me and paying it out as I gave orders on him.

I dovetail these notes on Parry Sound rather out of sequence of time, because they will interrupt the story less here than elsewhere. Let me go back: I had no sooner jumped off the steamer on to solid land when up comes "happy Jack." I did not know him from Adam, but he evidently knew me, and all about my plans as well as I did myself, "Are you Mr. Ignotus, the gentleman who is going to take up land near McKellar?" Utterly petrified, at this astounding penetration of my design, I began to think how the wizard could have got the cue. Only with the captain, the fur agent, and the Dynamiter, had I spoken while coming across from Meaford. The fur-man had told me with suppressed awe, that the credit of the Parry Sound Lumber Co. "was unlimited." I had nearly talked the Dynamite agent to death, and all on the chemistry of nitroglycerine, of which he seemed profoundly ignorant, but to none of this trio of worthies, had my native modesty allowed me to reveal my ambition to become a landed proprietor in Muskoka. Yet "happy Jack," not only knew the last fact, but was right about my intended destination being near McKellar. During an instant of speechless astonishment, I mentally photographed Jack as being two yards vertically, with broad shoulders,swinging athletic stride, pock-marked face, regular features, unkempt hair, and

ocular restlessness which bespoke one who had drained many a midnight bowl and would again. The whole thing was so weird and strange, that I became a fatalist, resigning myself to Jack as to my destined guide. "Are you Ignotus, sr., ?". "Yes". "Well, I'm going to-morrow evening to McKellar, and I'll give you a lift in my waggon, and take some of your trunks. "I assented with a slight groan, and in the interval enjoyed a fishing expedition, in which the Dynamiter figured conspicuously, since after some failures, he threw a water-fuse into the harbor, with a Dynamite cartridge attached, after which and the lapse of a few minutes which gave us a chance to get out of reach of the explosion. a peculiar sub-aqueous thud was heard, then an enormous beehive-shaped wave in the middle of the glassy water, and then a multitude of stunned and seemingly dead fishes of all sizes and shapes, enough to dine our party of seven at a hearty meal under the pine trees, and leave plenty over for the Indians. After getting back from this pic-nic, and glancing at the beautifully situated village erected by Beatty for the use of the exhorters and visitors to the annual camp-meeting, I witnessed the experiment of the Dynamiter. An auger hole was bored half through the side of a living pine tree; the explosive cartridge, with ignited fuse attached, was introduced, and away went some twenty feet of that part of the tree above the cartridge. Then experiments on stumps were tried in a large sloping field crowded with villagers and Indians. The latter happened to stand dangerously near to the explosion, but were too dignfied to do more than walk away with stately step, while the heavily built and rather obese Dynamiter developed incredible activity in running over logs and stumps. The Dynamite was a decided success in blasting rock. After supper, as a precaution, the use of which will soon appear, I bought two tallow candles and two bunches of matches at Beatty's store, and awaited the coming of happy Jack in stern resignation. Soon the lumbering and springless waggon, with two horses, whose principal endowments were skin, bone, moderate muscle and patience, arrived, and I jumped in. Away we went, smoothly at first along a good bit of road with pretty glimpses of water through the trees on the right. Soon darkness and trouble overtook us. The road was now narrow, crooked, and actually studded here and with stumps, which it was possible, and just possible, to dodge. After coming to a deadlock several times,and wedging the wheels against these obstructions, the back strap broke. Here my provident purchase of candles came into use. It was raining, pitch dark, and our only neighbors were bears, which last named amiable pets, whatever books may say to the contrary, do occasionally eat people, when berries are out of season, in Muskoka. I lit my candle, and must have presented an intensely ludicrous figure to any pass-

ing owl. I had an enormous Panama that on, which I brought from the isthmus. Crouching down, so that the hat became an umbrella to keep the candle from the rain, and with my knees covered with tallow drippings, I threw the light so that happy Jack saw what part of the harness had broken, and after consultation with a teamster behind us, he started away into the bush, and returned very soon with the bark of some peculiar tree, something like the Wikapee of the Province of Quebec. With this, he soon made a cord and mended the harness. On we went again—bang went the wheel against a stump. I lit the candle again, but a gust of rain struck it, and we were in hopeless darkness. Jack, who had owl's eyes, soon found the seat of the trouble and mended the fracture with the same bark-string. This thing at last became monotonous, and we left the waggon in the road. I think I got to McKellar in the hind waggon. I know I did not ride on horseback, but I may have walked. However, I rejoiced when I saw the tavern at McKellar. Jack's modesty had prevented me from learning that he was the redoubtable owner of the building, all but two end rooms tenanted by a grass widow, of whom more anon.

Next morning Jack talked straight business, thus: "Mr. Ignotus, you're going to take land up land near McKellar, you're at McKellar now, I don't want to presume to dictate, but I know a very fine free grant lot on the great North road near here, a splendid lot, of course you'll find it looks a little rough on the road front, but there's some splendid land, beautiful clay loam, at the back." Ignotus: "Is it in the market?" Jack: "Well, it is and it isn't, you see." "Ignotus: "How?" Jack: "Well you see, of course you can go to Parry Sound and get located for it, but poor little Molly"—here his voice faltered and with a swift lateral movement of the sleeve, he wiped both eyes. Ignotus, affected sympathetically, "Restrain your feelings, who's Molly?" "Ah, ah, she's my neice—she's a claim on the lot—not a legal claim of course, but a gentleman like you from the old country is not like these Yankies you've some honor about you, you can feel for her. Herman located for that lot, that very desirable lot, he won her young affections. Herman, the hunter, won them. He left, he is gone, no one knows where. Perhaps the red tooth of the bear has mangled his shapely neck, but before he left he bequeathed the lot to poor little Molly, that she might locate tor it when of legal age—poor thing its the only property the chid has—would you take it from her? though its little good it will do her—poor thing. She's eating her heart out fretting for Herman." "Why do you want me to locate for the lot then, if you want to keep it for Molly? There are thousands of acres to be had elsewhere," said I. "Oh, but you see the poor thing might part with it for a

– ahem–consideration, " How much ?, "I don't know, come over and we will see her." Away we trudged some seven or eight miles, and entering a log house, saw Molly, a fine looking handsome girl, by no means consumptive, and looking as it Herman's departure had sat very lightly on her feelings. She referred us to her mother, and gracefully poising herself, carried out a swill pail to the pigs. Mamma was all straight business, and said $35. "It's a swindle," said Jack indignantly—"Come on Mr. Ignotus, we'll go home, we can get plenty of better lots." Away we walked, Mamma stopped us, "What will you give then ?" "$20," said Jack, and not a cent more." Finally $25 was fixed on, as the exact value of Molly's broken heart plus the lot, and next day we went down to Parry Sound, having previously picked up another man besides Jack to affadavit a variety of things about the lot, such as the amount of rock and swamp in it, and other particulars. I got located at the Crown Law office, without any trouble, and handed Jack his $25, for Molly, getting a receipt, baring her her heirs and assigns from any claim in law or equity on the estate. I at once returned to McKellar, while Jack brought the material for a cheap cotton dress for Molly, and spent the balance of the $25, very much to his own satisfaction, "over the bridge." Pending his return, I made a private and somewhat more minute inspection of the lot. It was a gore lot with various ridges of rock, running in parallel lines through it. The valleys there formed might be very rich, though crumbled debris of rock disguised the fact somewhat. I was mainly interested in finding out the prospects of forming a road through it. It was quite clear that if you could once get an ox-waggon into any one end of any of the valleys, you could travel to the other end, but the problem was how to get crosswise from the road to one of the valleys and then to the other. I confesed to myself that blasting or tunelling through the rock, was the only resource. However I waited for Jack's return to get engineering light thrown on the subject.

He came, pooh-poohed my puzzle, and said that I must not have found the true corner post of the lot, as if so, I would have seen that nature had happily left a low swampy level which by proper corduroying could form a pathway from valley to valley. We sallied forth to the land, and Jack very speedily evolved the corner post, for which I had in vain hunted, out of a vast pile of over-lying brushwood. Though he did not charge for this operation, I may remark that hiding corner posts and finding them again for a consideration, used to be a common pastime with some of the Muskoka natives, when time hung very heavily on their hands.

By this time, Jack had become very familiar, and called me no longer "Mr. Ignotus," but "William," a mode of fraternal address, first adopted in his moments of a spasmodic inspiration,

but which afterwards became stereotyped.

Jack suggested that I had better let him the job of clearing five acres at $20 per acre, of course expecting me to follow the example of other greenhorns, and advance him $10, to get flour, "not that he wanted it, of course, only that flour was specially low-priced just then, and it would be all the same to me of course, and I would be so much money ahead, when I came to make my final settlement, of course." Instead of doing all this, for I was getting my eyes rapidly opened, I got him to clear one quarter of an acre, at the rate of $14 p. a., payment to be made when the work was done, and not a cent to be advanced for flour. Jack winced, but seeing my features sternly set, drew his sleeve pensively across both eyes as he had done when opening out the story of poor Molly's vanished sweetheart. Having done this, he enticed various boys, by promises of chewing tobacco and other forbidden luxuries, to help him to underbrush and limb, and I followed, axe in hand. Jack hated work with a holy and perfect hatred, but being forced to labor, the next best thing was to do as little as possible. Hence he became at once used sore beset to contrive excuses to avoid chopping a huge pine standing in the quarter acre and which towered to a height of 120 feet while it was four feet through at the base. Thus he plied me with irresistible logic. "If I cut that tree it will fall over the road, and it will take five men and two teams to remove it in time to clear the road for traffic. Over the road is the only way it can fall." I agreed with a groan, and he, to cheer me up, suggested an adjournment of the work, for a partridge-hunting expedition. Away we went, preceded by a mongrel dog of some peculiar Muskoka breed, yet a dog which knew a thing or two about partridge, and had a capacity for living on nothing and avoiding porcupines. The cur soon treed a covey of partridges, which allowed themselves to be shot one after the other in a most stupid way. We passed over some beaver meadows—lovely little prairie gems, most grateful to the eye with their bright green relieving the monotonous darkness of the pines, and also by their flatness pleasing the eye tired with continual hills, rocks and ravines. Safely ensconced in Jack's free grant shanty, we made soup of the partridges, but the meat was so fresh, that it defied ordinary teeth. It was a refinement on the tortures of Tantalus. Here we had delicious huge plump white partridges cooked to all appearance, and yet of a hardness intermediate between white ash and hickory. However we were as hungry as bears shaking their shaggy sides after their winter's sleep. The Muskoka climate serves a notice to quit on dyspepsia, indigestion, biliousness and all their numerous cousins. The whole tribe has got to go, and a healthy stomach and ravenous appetite take their place. When I landed at Parry Sound, I loathed fat. Now I could make oily Western pork, even

without beans, disappear as quickly as a shantyman. After a few days of barbaric life, dining off logs, and drinking water out of swamps which though dark was pure being fed by springs. I thought I would spend no more money on the lot, and deemed my experience cheaply bought, compared with the losses of others. Just then I met George Kelcey. He had been driven out of England by lead, not by a bullet but by lead poisoning or painters' colic, which is the curse of his trade. The doctor told him as he lay on his sick-bed, that he must quit his business or prepare to tenant a very narrow and perpetually dark house in six months. Not having any taste for the undertakers' style of architecture, he left for Parry Sound and was settled on an excellent block of land, with a better farm at Whitestone lake, still further to the North, and about 30 miles North of Parry Sound. From where he lived the unearthly howl of a wolf was often heard in the far off Northern wilderness, and was reechoed in various tones by the pack as they circled some lake in search of prey.

Kelcey was a good sample of a successful settler. He had picked out two good tracts of excellent clay loam, free from any quantity of stone sufficient to interfere with ploughing. He had thoroughly learned back woods work of all kinds, could log, hew and chop with the best of them, and was a good "corner man" which is saying a great deal. Besides this he traded largely in furs, and sold oats to Beatty, in Parry Sound. I found that I had just missed it in my selection of a lot; an quarter of a mile further North, and I should have been off the pine ridges and on the clay loam. When in his company I drove to Whitestone lake, I noted a marked improvements in the soil, and in the standing timber which began to consist more and more of maple and beech, which the clearings were larger, and the rock less visible. Whitestone Lake consists of two bodies of water connected by a narrow natural canal, easily crossed by a bridge of the "Great North road," which went on beyond the lake to the North Pole for all I know or cared. Anything prettier than the situation of Kelcey's house at the narrow near this bridge. It would be difficult to conceive. His boat house was built near a rock of crystallized limestone, rounded to a dome-like top by the weather, and shining in its translucent whiteness like Parian marble. We took boat here, and rowing through the narrows with a lovely evergreen clump on the left, soon emerged into the lake, near which there was a noted runway where twenty-five deer had been seen at one time. On the young trees by the waters' side, could be seen the line marking the highest places where the deer could reach when browsing from the winter's ice. So abundant were these animals, that their bones being knawed by mice into sharp points, rendered walking in the bush very unpleasant for the moccasined Indians. On the margin of the lake I saw a

piece of land, gently sloping to the water, some 60 acres I think, in area, free from stone or rock, all tillable except four acres of which two could be reclaimed by drainage. For this I took preliminary steps to re-locate in the Crown lands office in Parry Sound, but got tired of the solitude of the country and left it in the following March, for Bracebridge. I stayed with Mr. Kelcey during the winter, and the diet was in marked contrast to the traditional fat pork, with or without beans, so common in settlers' houses. Prime beef from througbred cattle, delicious vension, chicken and turkey of the best, home cured hams, all vegetables which could be grown in the country and stand cellarage, with excellent tea, cream and eggs—such was the diet of Ignotus.

The only approach to an adventure, which I enjoyed, in the house, was one night when several teamsters, in the employ of the noted lumber merchant, big Dill, of Byng Inlet, (so called in contrast with "little Dill," of Bracebridge), were benighted and I shared my bed with one of them. The night was very cold, and we had a mountain of clothes on us, which with blankets, coverlids and an English rug, must have been eight inches in thickness. There was another bed in the room, and after we had fallen asleep, up came two teamsters, shivering, and quickly undressing. Over their bed was one thin blanket. I am afraid I must plead guilty to having stripped the bed before they came up. One of them went to sleep quietly enough, but he the got up with a crowd of strong adjectives in his mouth, "I'll make the boss give us covering or I'll tear the house down." Then, lighting a match, and seeing our mountain of bed clothes, he shouted at me, "comrade, comrade, come, come, shell out some of these blankets." By vague hints of a revolver being under the pillow, I quieted him down, and he went back shivering and swearing. It was very selfish, I admit, but the delicious eight inches of wool were too good to be given away.

I got some curious glimpses into Indian life, while at Kelcey's. Their mode of trading is peculiar, and a storekeeper who does not understand it, can do no business with them. They come into the store with otter, fisher, musk and other furs. The storekeeper asks the price. It is outrageous, and such as to kill all chance of his re-selling at a profit. He must not grumble or try to higgle, but must figure up the total amount which the Indian asks for the furs, and then finding out how much flour, tea &c., the dusky one requires, he must charge such prices for these goods as will equalise the furs so as to leave him a profit. Both parties are then satisfied having got three to five times the current prices of their wares.

One instance of the Indian's coolness when his life hangs by a thread—Kelcey was going home, and along a piece of corduroy road across a swamp. It was just light enough to make out

a distant outline. At the edge of the swamp, he thought he saw a bear crouching and he levelled his rifle on the supposed Bruin. Another second and a dead Indian would have been ripe for a Coroner's inquest but in that second, the Indian stood erect and threw up his hands. Mark the sagacity of the savage. If he had shouted, Kelcey might have not known where the sound came from, on account of the echoes of the rock, and taken it for the encouragement of a brother sportsman. He knew that when he held his hands out, K. could distinguish him even by the dim light from a bear.

Two parties of Indians, frelonging to different tribes, but friendly to each other, were in the district, and the first band left a record to guide the second as to the whereabouts and route of the former. This was all shown on a sheet of white birch bark, pinned to a tree, and on which was an accurate sketch map of the roads and lakes together with marks to identify the first band, and arrows to show where they were going. In company with K., I visited an Indian camp in the bush. He traced the path by minute tomahawk notches at intervals on the trees. The camp was cunningly constructed to escape the biting N. W. blast. The tent was to the S. E. of a huge bowlder, between which and a rock, the fire was flaming so that the tent enjoyed not only its direct heat but that reflected from the rock. They were actually warmer in the bush than we in our hewed log house. The venison was hung up out of the dogs' reach, beautiful deers' heads with symmetrical antlers were lying on the ground gnawed by the canines. The venison when cut up ready for market, was wrapped in deerskins, with the grain of the hair so arranged as to slide along without catching the snow, and so hauled some twenty miles, to Parry Sound, by Indians, harnessed singly each to his load. The amount of victuals which one of these Indians can put out of sight passes belief. One day, K. asked a Penetanguishene Indian, not pure bred, to have some dinner. He had features repulsive through disease and the hostess involuntarily gave him a look of disgust, which he inwardly noticed and after eating about four heaping platesfuls of turkey, beef and ham, got up with a satisfied grunt, looking at her, chuckling and muttering to himself, "squaw mad," after he had bolted enough to feed a good sized family.

Kelcey had brains, new ideas and energy, and among the improvements which he introduced amidst the settlers, was the practice of building roofs of house with a slope of at least 1½ to 1, instead of a square pitch, as heretofore. The luxury of a steep roof, consisted in the earlier sliding away of the snow in the spring. One great nuisance, aggravated when stationary eavetroughs were used, was the formation of great cakes of ice at the bottom of the roof, and caused by alternate thawing and freezing of the snow. This ice was hard to break off

without tearing the shingles and in the spring the water backed up against it and leaked through the ceilings of the house.

The snow was five feet deep on the level during a large part of this winter, and of course of indefinite depth in drifts. Travel was sometimes quite blocked. Before Dill, of Byng Inlet, planned a journey to the South, he sent some of his lumber teams to break the road, and the settlers watched their arrival, and followed them with their ox teams. There were no snow ploughs as in the lower Province, to clear the way. There was just one narrow track, which some horses seemed to know by instinct, and it was easier to get off it than on again. I travelled the twenty-three miles of road to Parry Sound several times through blinding snow storms, and got so hardened to the weather that I seemed frost-proof. The description of one of these trips may suffice. The first seven miles were comparatively easy, till we reached McKellar, owing to the road, being well travelled by farmers going to that village for their supplies. From McKellar, five miles to a place, the name of which I wish to forget as it recalls an abominable dinner and cold house, but which I think was called the 'Junction,' was gone over in five hours. When we saw a team coming towards us, K. and the opposite teamster got out, and began tramping the snow to an easy down grade from the road, so that the sleighs could pass each other. It required judgment to select the crossing place, as otherwise if too narrow, the runners would get locked, and if the up grade was too steep, the sleigh could not get on again to the road without being unloaded. The road itself, that is the beaten part of it, was so narrow, that there were only three or four inches sometimes of margin to come and go upon, and if the horses made the least slip, down they went perhaps seven or eight feet. During this journey from McKellar, one of them broke off the road and after desperate plunging and being unhitched from the sleigh, instead of getting up, rested in the hole which he had made in the snow as if he was going to die there. At last he jumped up and very sensibly made a bolt for home. Fortunately I stopped him, but he seemed to dread the hole where he had struggled, and it was some fifteen minutes before we could get him hitched to the sleigh again. When we got to the Junction (of what with what I never could make out unless of misery with company), we expected a good dinner to warm us up, and got nothing but a little withered badly cooked dry pork with some still more wretched tea, and a poor fire. Still, anything seemed better than facing the storm and I did my best to coax K. to stop for the night, but he was determined to go on, and as I thought if it went on drifting, that I would run less risk of starvation in Parry Sound, I went with him. A loaded team had passed through half an hour before we started, but all traces of its runners were completely

covered by the snow. Between this miserable Junction and the Sound, were strewn along the roadside, furniture, lumber, &c., which the teamsters had thrown off to lighten their load. The long straight stretch of road near the Sound, gave a full scope to a keen breeze, which nearly used up our remaining powers of holding out, and thankful were we indeed when we got into Kirkman's and using our remaining strength to fill the stove, became gradually thawed out and fit for supper.

Ludicrous incidents cropped up for travellers sometimes, that winter. A man up country had advertised his wife in the Parry Sound newspaper as having left his bed and board, and in the usual legal form. She retorted with a similiar advertisement and accusation against him, and picked up her personal property, consisting mainly of a feather bed, with the intention of taking the stage for Parry Sound. She missed the stage but got a lift from an friendly teamster, and sat perched on the top of a pyramid of oat bags. She was tall, heavy, stout and elderly. The fashion of crinoline still lingered. The road was narrow. The horse plunged. Away shot Mrs. Blank, flying eastwards through the air as if discharged from a catapult. Head foremost, she pitched into a snowdrift. The astounded young teamster saw nothing but the outer circle of a crinoline and a pair of Balmorals, with the toes convulsively pointing towards Arcturus, while her invisible spine directed itself towards the island of St. Paul. Meanwhile piteous sobs and groans for help came through six feet of snow with inarticulate and muffled appeals to which he yielded so soon as he could get the laughter out of his system.

In March, 1875, in company with Slade who was on his road for England. I left Parry Sound in a splendid sleigh, driven by fast horses (or at least by horses who wanted to be fast when the road let them) to Bracebridge. We passed through some very deep cuttings in the snowdrifts where the lumbermen had shovelled our roads and stopped at Rosseau, at the house of the inevitable Pratt. Him I had heard off long before as an incorrigiblejoker, and one whom it was necessary to pay off in his own coin. 'How deep is your house?" said I. "A quarter of a mile.', "It stretches like your bill when a traveller's leaving." "One for you, are you historically acquainted with an interchange of ideas which once took place between the governors of North and South Carolina?" I owned to a dim memory of the matter. We adjourned to another room. After this came dinner, including a superb bit of steak, suberby cooked, a gem to be set in the culinary memory of the future, then we made a third adjournment to smoke real Havannas. Could it be possible that we had got into luxurious civilization again? It was toothsome to recall that horrid Junction with its loathsome tea, by way of a dark back-

ground, to bring out the beauties of this gem among hotels. Pratt, the landlord, is an American, and with the far-seeing speculation of his countrymen, picked out this beautiful site on Lake Rousseau, for a tourist hotel on a very large scale. His inveterate joking proclivities have made him some enemies, but I always found him very pleasant and reasonable in his charges. Once, among his guests, was an Englishman verging on the Dude species, a grade Dude, in fact. "Aw have you ?" began he to Pratt. "Yes, said the landlord. "We have everything here which you can call for." Inwardly and long reflected the Dude, determined to seek for something not to be had. Finally he asked for a bottle of "double Selzaw wataw"—something rarely in the cellar, even of English hotels. "Certainly," said Pratt," called the waiter and soon the genuine No. 2, Seltzer appeared. It was from a consignment sent by mistake from Toronto, but the sight of it caused the Dude to wonder and collapse. Sometimes however the joke was the other way. D. F. McDonald, a Government wood ranger, had brought sixteen dogs to Bracebridge, on their way to Parry Sound, to be used by Bowers with dog sleighs in the following winter to convey the mails across the ice to Algoma. He telegraphed Pratt, "Prepare bedroom accommodation in your stables for sixteen guests." Pratt knowing that Government parties and other tourists of note often sought his hotel, and taking the "stable part" of the message, as facetious, immediately went to a good deal of trouble in preparing sixteen of his best bedrooms for the visitors. When he saw McDonald walking up from the hotel wharf with a yelping pack of sixteen harnessed dogs, his feelings were too strong for utterance, other than the expectoration of violent adjectives.

Bracebridge.

When we got into Bracebridge, we were cheered and surprised by the sight of a fine brick block, but depressed proportionately to find it all shut up, as were also several other buildings in the village, and as I landed on the verandah of the North American hotel, one end of which was nearly hidden from the other by a snow drift, I felt strongly disposed to take the stage next day, and get into the outer world of railways and great cities. Of noise equal to that of a large city, we had enough, from a fifty foot water fall in the village; from another still higher one, four miles off, in certain states of the wind, the sound came as if of a vast train of cars. Sleep was difficult at first from these causes. On inquiry from Markle, the landlord, I found that the village was just beginning slowly to recover from the reaction following the McMurray boom. McMurray had a great deal of the live go-ahead yankee dealing about him, and in addition to running a newspaper, real estate, and other "irons in the fire," he kept a general store in this brick block which he seem to have built regardless of expense, with very large

plates of glass in the windows, high ceilings, a cashier's box in the central part of the store, and a private office 24 feet long, with lofty glass partition. The building was about 66x60 feet. with a very large one storey addition at the rear for a printing office. Five clerks were employed in the store, and the proprietor had a splendid villa, beautifully located on the residential part of the village. All this remember, in a backwoods hamlet, which when he flourished, had a population equal to that of the famous light brigade, before they were "stormed at with shot and shell." Mac became financially "busted," and his downfall knocked the bottom out of the institution of Braeebridge. The village, however, recovered and made wonderful strides before I left it in 1880. A fire engine was purchased, and a fire-company established and uniformed. Two tanneries were running, to one of which $2,000 bonus and ten years exemption from taxes were granted. This latter used up 1,000 hides from China, South America, Nicaragua, &c., in a fortnight, cost some $30,000 for buildings, and required over 3,000 cords of hemlock bark per annum. A brick school house was built at a cost of some $7,000, and a brick R. C. Church, another brick block was erected and a most substantial lock-up and registry office. In the two last, hard burnt brick of a very peculiar clay dug in the village, was used, with basement course of Muskoka stone, hard as iron, and which if the curses of the stone cutters muttered over their swiftly blunted chisels cannot blast it, will last till the crack of doom. Sidewalks were laid down, and many other betterments which I forget. There was a great deal of enterprise among the business men, one proof of which was given when Beardmore was in the village prospecting for a site for his tannery. He was wavering between Bracebridge, Penetanguishene and Gravenhurst, the great object being to get near the supply of bark. I was present when a meeting of the leading merchants and village councillors was called to see him, and in an hour or so after the idea was broached, a rough draft of the agreement was sketched and the enterprise captured for Bracebridge. There was as a general thing much of bustle and life in the village, owing to the lumber traffic, and the large numbers of emigrants who stopped on their way way to locate on free grants, or to purchase farms. There were four good hotels in Bracebridge, all making money. The "British Lion" seemed to be the aristocratic place to rest. Here the Duke of Manchester, after having walked up the hill, pursued by the brass band who here determined to serenade him, actually slept. The rumpling of the sheets the next morning showed that notwithstanding his exalted rank, he went to bed like ordinary commoners, and the couch was fondly glanced at, and shown to the curious, as a link joining Bracebridge to the House of Lords. A long list of

distinguished visitors including Lord Dufferin, might be given, and hence anything so commonplace as a mere M. P. P. or Toronto alderman, hardly stirred a ripple in the social world of the Muskoka capital. There was cultured society in Bracebridge. The Anglican incumbent, Rev. T. S. Cole, was one of the graduates of Cambridge, England, and author of an admirable pamphlet on the teaching of geometry. His mother-in-law, was on the regular staff of the contributors to the *Atlantic Monthly*, and author of a noted book on Muskoka, published by Routeldge, London (England). The Brownings, of an old family from Newcastle (Eng.) especially J. B., were a highly cultivated family and thoroughly posted in modern literature from Herbert Spencer's theories is the latest novel, Aubrey White, the Crown Lands agent was gifted with a phenomenal memory and could tell the names of the sitting members of all the parliaments great and small of Canada, their antecedents and their constituencies, together with the dates of the various by-elections since Confederation. W. E. Foot, the fishery inspector, was from Dublin, where he had filled an important position in connexion with one of the leading railway companies. He was an accomplished musician, and amateur actor, having in the latter capacity inherited histrionic talent from his celebrated ancestor of the same name. Before my arrival, Col. (afterwards General) Maude was another Muskoka settler, who had land in Draper and after leaving Muskoka was made Her Majesty's consul general for Poland. He was covered with medals for campaigns in India and elsewhere, and received the Victoria cross. Another settler also before my time was Sir William Colles, who located on the Muskoka river. Across the gulley which ran through my lots, lived Mr. G. Eddington, son of Col. Eddington, Argyleshire, and we used to signal each other by flags, when we were at home. Eddington spent five years in Demerara, and had a most interesting journal of his travels, illustrated by graphic sketches of Indian life and tropical scenery. His name receives honorable mention in a paper read before the Royal Geographical Society in London, and from the pen of Mr. Flint, who with him was one of the few white men, except Sir R. Schomberg, who visited the Roriima mountain, which is a square faced rock of great extent, 1,000 feet high, on the top of which vegetation and probably insects if not animals, different from those in any other part of the earth are believed by scientists to flourish. Eddington, I believe discovered a feasible path to the top, which so far as we know has never been pressed by human foot.

Portions of the "Merchant of Venice" and other Shakesperian Dramas were acted in the village so as to satisfy severe critics, though of course the stage was denuded of those costly scenic adjoints, which metropolitan theatres enjoy. There was also an

excellent chess club in which a near relative of Mr. Muntz, the member for Birmingham was a noted player.

To turn for a moment to the dark side of Muskoka life let us sketch the land swindler.

A landshark's own definition of himself is a "philanthropist, whose heart is bursting to cardiac apoplexy with affection for the moneyed settler and who burns with desire to settle him in a happy home." A hawk plucking a pigeon to the last pinfeather, is the image which he leaves on his customer's mind by and by. If the victim be not only a green but a fussy Englishman, his doom is sealed. Now enters on the stage of this sketch, A. Shark, Esq. He is the leading actor. He is Canadian born, but with a good dash of yankee-descent. In early life he was foolish enough to go in for hard work, but he was a young philospher, and his reading brought him across the motto of the old barons, "Thou shall't want ere I want." How to work practical fruit out of this motto, in the 19th century, was the great problem. He could not ensconce himself in a castle and ravage the plains below. In the first place he had no castle, and if he had, the strong police of the day would nip his plans in the bud. Picking pockets suggested itself, but was dismissed as being vulgar, unintellectual and a highway to the Central Prison. Being wholly callous to the goads of conscience, the maxim of the Tichborne claimant fell into his mind as on prepared soil. there to fructify an hundred fold—"some have money and no brains, the men who have money and no brains, were made for men who have brains and no money." From this time, he avoided so far as he could, all manual work which he hated with a holy and perfect hatred. He saw the rich harvest which landsharks reaped without toiling or spinning, with an oily tongue as the sole implement, and out of the plethoric purses of innocent emigrants. He also saw that his chances of success would be swelled immensely, if he could pass off as a veritable John Bull. Just in this frame of mind he accepted a chance to go to Liverpool with cattle, and meeting all nationalities in that city, he developed his natural power of mimicry, so that he could have a father in York or a mother in Dublin, or rhapsodize on Scott's monument in Edinburgh, just as the victim's origin might require. Thus prepared for the work, fate landed him in Muskoka, where he got hold of land. His unkempt and hay colored hair hung in bunches over a low forehead indented by small pig-like eyes which shrunk from the direct glance of another, and over which training had cast an air of sleepy innocence. Nature had cast his features in a vulturine mould and beaked curves could be detected not only in the nose, but under the lower lip and in the mean receding chin. Instinctively aware of the twin deformity of his ears, which were large flaps requiring close inspection to difference them from bad-

ly cooked pancakes, he wore a close muffler in all weathers. Few men however have no redeeming feature, and his teeth being white, perfect and symmetrical were frequently laid bare by the mechanical smiling muscles of a thin and cruel strip of human parchment called an upper lip.

Snow is on the ground, a matter of four feet on the level. Can such a trifle stop the anxious home-seeker? Out he sallies, spade in hand, and is conducted across a spot over which an ancient stable, with its floor never cleansed, once stood till time gave the timbers to the wood pile. The fleecy veil is dug away, and mother earth appears. John Bull digs yet deeper, and brings up a dark spadeful of soil, which seems downright inky, near the bright snow. A. Shark, Fsq., takes a handful of the real estate, He smells it—delicious, he could eat it—did Egypt or Illinois ever see such lovely soil? Millions in it, only waiting to be tickled into existence by the plough! Bull smells it. The bystanders smell it. Chorus: "What soil?" "Fat as butter!" "What an idoit Shark is to sell it!" "I wouldn't take $30 an acre for it, by thunder." In a stage whisper, "Tell Jake to bid on it." A. Shark, Esq.: "No, I'm a man of honor, I've offered it to Mr. Bull at $20 per acre, and I'll stick to my bargain." "Are you going to let a black stranger ride over Jake's head and take the best farm in the township from an old settler? I wish these Englishmen wouldn't come here, snapping up the best lands." Shark: "Englishmen are the very men we want to make the country go ahead." Disinterested bystander, to Bull, "You'd better clinch the thing, give him $50 to bind the bargain, of course its no business of mine." Bull looking at the "snug log house suitable for a small family," grumbles audibly, "why its all full of hay." "O yes, you can have it at a valuation, the hay crop was so heavy, we had to store it in the house." Bull ascends to the top of the hay and looking up, says, "why there's a slate off!" "We don't use slates here, but shingles." "Well then there's a shingle off." "Impossible." "But I see light through a hole in the roof." "Nonsense, its a silver pine shingle, as we call them, which reflect light." "Let me look again."—Here Bull slips through the hay, scratches his shin on a pitch fork, and the subject drops. "Where's the spring of living water," he asks, "you told me about inside the house." Shark removes a loose board and shows him a pool of turbid water. "But its all muddy." "Well so it is, the children have muddied it, the little pests, throwing clods in." Here Jake is seen tearing over the fencing on snowshoes, and roaring, "stop the sale, stop the sale." Bystander whispering to Bull, "you'd better be quick and slip Shark the deposit." Bull does so, and says to Bystander, "would you —I really feel delicate to ask you—but would you feel hurt by my offering you $10 for your trouble?" "Well I really hate taking money but I'll

keep it for the poor." Meanwhile Jake has come panting and cursing: "Shark, you scoundrel, you promised to sell me this land, I must have it or I'll stand a suit on it. I'll pound you to pieces." Jake strips for a fight. Bull does ditto, and orders him off the ground. Jake coats himself, muttering about unfair odds, and gets pay from Shark for his share of the comedy so soon as the two worthies get privately together. Finale:—Oyster supper at Bull's expense, with speeches &c. Next spring as the snow goes down, stump after stump appears in the clearing and the rich patch where the stable once stood, while the balance of the soil, with a little washing would make good building sand. Other land-seeking incidents may keep for the second edition.

Here a word may come in about the soil of Muskoka generally. There is nearly every variety of soil, from poor sand which is worthless without manure, after the third or fourth year following its first crop, up to rich clay loam. There is one kind of reddish earth where the sub-soil, when exposed to frost and weather seems to crumble into friable earth of great producing capacity. As a stock raising country, especially for horses, it has some great advantages, and though the autumn is shorter than the other parts of Ontario, they have the advantage in the spring, as the deep snow saves the ground from frost, and the grass starts growing before it is laid bare of its winter covering. Timothy makes a far more luxuriant growth than farther south. Cattle come in bursting with fat, after ranging till the end of the autumn in the bush. The water is excellent and plenty.

The vigor of the debating society was something wonderful. The disputants, panted with hot impatience like grey-hounds straining at the leash, while the President delayed them by the necessary preliminary formalities.

BRACEBRIDGE CONTINUED.

We had in Mr James Boyer, a perfect treasure of a clerk, who had received a good part of his training in a lawyer's office in New York, and succeeded greatly to their astonishment, in correcting some of the long robe in Toronto in their ideas as to municipal law as applied to Muskoka. There were some peculiarities, legal and municipal, as to the region. In a conveyance, the wife had not only to bar her dower, but to join as a grantee. Municipally, Muskoka proper was divided in two by the prolongation of the county line between Simcoe and Victoria, so that one set of reeves met in Barrie and one in Lindsay. Simcoe was the mother county for criminal jurisdiction, and "going to Barrie," was an equivalent for "going to jail." To make matters still more mixed, the Parry Sound district proper, sent no Reeves anywhere, the unorganized districts had no reeves, councillors, assessor or taxes, the schools in the P. S, districts were inspected from Collingwood. Muskoka in one sense meant the smaller and more Southern

half of the whole region, and in another sense (for instance as a riding) included it all. In the ecclesiastical system of the Roman and Anglican churches and for road inspection, Muskoka, in its widest sense was linked with Algoma. Judge Lount was one of the most noted men in Muskoka, and at one time, might be called the governor. He was of powerful physique, and iron stamina of endurance. The anecdote was current of his having personally and unaided, arrested a shantyman, in the midst of his comrades in the camp, when various constables had failed ignominiously in the effort, Through probably well into the fifties, he had been known to start the Division Court at 10 a. m., and sit on the judicial throne till the first "wee hour" of the following morning, without going out for any rest or drinking anything, while the pleaders were thoroughly exhausted, and the Clerk, T. M. Bowerman, sighed inwardly for dinner. The Judge's ammusements were camping, chess and farming, each pursued with similar energy.

A. P. Cockburn, the Dominion member, was one of the first pioneers and very popular personally, even among his political opponents. He may be called the father of Muskoka navigation and operated quite a fleet of steamers, among which the Nipissing was fitted up with every comfort and luxury for tourists. One of the numerous excursions by this steamer brought a crowd of M. P.'s and M. P. P.'s, who were entertained by the village people, at a splendid banquet, after which I had to make some four or five speeches in reply to various toasts, and where the Reeve, John Smith, grew eloquent over the "murmuring pines and the hemlocks," The *Globe* and *Mail* reporters deserted us and left the chronicle to the local press. Among those whose acquaintance I very much enjoyed, was Father Jamot, the Bishop of Sarepta (*in partibus infidelium*). He was tall with dark piercing eyes, somewhat foreign accent, and a long elastic step which showed that years had not dulled his energies. Indeed once, walking through the bush towards Lake Nipissing, his guide got lost, and the Bishop, becoming a temporal guide as well as a spiritual leader, struck a course which brought him out within a few chains of the desired place of exit. The Bishop who had promptly given up brilliant prospects in his native France for Canadian missionary life, retained the brilliant sparkle and wit of his countrymen. While sleeping at a settler's house in the bush, some miserable wretch cut off the tail of his horse. The woman of the house went out in the morning to the barn, and saw the mutilated steed. She came in trembling to the Bishop: "Your Lordsip, they've cut"—she blushed and stammered.—He re-assured her and asked her to go on—"the tail of your horse," she said, "that is, the mane of the tail. I don't know what's to be done." He took it

quite cooly, saying that he must submit unless she could make a wig for the tail. During one of the Bishop's sermons, he preached in English, earnestly on the fall of our first parents, and on that hateful *legacy* of sin thus bequeathed to us. A Frenchman was sitting in front of me called Legase, with the accent on the last "e". Another Frenchman not understanding English,and catching the sound of the name, as he thought, repeated in severe tones by his Lordship, looked hard at the supposed delinquent, and for some time, the latter was supposed to have received a strong reprimand from the pulpit for his supposed peccadillos. The Roman Catholics had an admirable system of managing missions. The "presbytery" was the residence of the Bishop and the priest, Father Cody. The two front rooms were joined by folding doors, which on Sunday were thrown open, so that the two chambers together formed a good sized meeting room, which could be used also for secular gatherings. After mass on Sunday, the Bishop called a business meeting, and introduced the subject of the proposed new brick church by a series of questions. "Do you want a new church ?" All hands are raised, and Mr. W. W. Groom appointed secretary. "Who says $200 ?" Dead silence. "I say $200," says the Bishop, who by the way was supporting and educating five students for the priesthood at his own expense. Like sunbeams bursting from a cloud and gilding the dark pine tops, smiles glorify the congregation's faces, while the secretary's pen scratches like fury. "Who says $100?" Silence again, but not so dead. Several had almost decided to give this sum, but modesty of course kept them dumb. "Put Father Cody down for $100, he's away, but whenever I am from home, if he gives $5 he always puts me down for $10, and its a poor rule that does not work both ways," says the Bishop. A general laugh followed with intense enjoyment at Father Cody's expense. Soon a number signed for $100, and so the list went on the descending scale, till a limit of $25 was reached, after which it closed for the day. The congregation, largely from the country came down handsomely, and liberal contributions flowed in from protestants, chiefly Anglicans. Before very long the new brick church was dedicated and consecrated and opened with all the impressive splendor, which the Roman ritual bestows. Archbishop Lynch, supported by a large staff of Cathedral and other clergy, officiated, and afterwards I was presented to his grace by Bishop Jamot. In our short conversation, I found the Archbishop, who was very affable, thoroughly posted as to the men of note in Ireland both in and out of his church, and the manner and matter of his pulpit discourse were very fascinating. It was a great treat to spend an evening with Bishop Jamot and listen to his varied experiences in Europe and in Canada. After dinner, one day the conversation turned on the

continental pronunciation of Latin, and to illustrate the fallacy of the popular idea that it was uniform, the Bishop recited for me the Paternoster in Italian, and other languages, showing very marked differences in sounding the same words. Father Cody, the resident priest, was thoroughly Irish and racy of the soil. I had bought three village lots, built a small house for myself and was "keeping batch." The priest felt very much for my lonely state, and was always afraid that I would get cramps and die in the night, without help. He offered to call on me and discuss mixed points in theology, an exercise in which, with becoming humility, I expressed my inabillity to contend with him.

It was a little curious that the two bishops under whose charge, in the Roman and Anglican systems respectively, Muskoka with Algoma were placed, were French or of French descent.

I saw a good deal of the then Anglican chief pastor of Algoma, the late Bishop Fauquier, during his annual visits to the district. A bishop's work through such a country, is not to be done by a feather-bed soldier of the church militant, and he had his trials physical as well as mental during his journeys. Once his vehicle broke down, and he had to walk to the nearest place of shelter, some four miles, carrying a heavy valise. He was a skilful sleigh-driver and could go the pace down hill without accident. He was a man of massive and commanding appearance, very dignified and grave in manner, and somewhat melancholy, as well he might be when he thought of the enormous extent of his diocese, large enough for a European Kingdom, and only ministered to (in our church) by a little handful of pastors, whose salaries could not be guaranteed for a single quarter. He often spoke to me of the unfair way in which Algoma had been treated financially by the older dioceses, and referring to his continual journeys to raise church funds in Eastern Canada and elsewhere, he said, "You see I am literally a beggar, and must be, unless the mission is to drop." Then the condition of the people, eager for ministrations, but rapidly lapsing of necessity into practical heathenism through lack of clergy shocked him beyond measure. Hence he called for volunteers to act as lay-readers. I proferred my services and was accepted. Accordingly I conducted services at Stoneleigh, Falkenburg, and Bardsville, outlying stations in connexion with the Bracebridge church. In one of my Sunday addresses, I denounced a great blot on the Muskoka farming life of that time—the cruel treatment and overdriving of horses and oxen. A young farmer in the audience playfully nudged his comrade, who was notorious as a hard cattle driver, and the eyes of the congregation turned in that direction, so that I had the satisfaction of knowing that one shot had struck home, and also an illustration of the

readiness of hearers to apply the moral to their neighbor.

The road to Stoneleigh was full of ups and downs, and through a desolate region. Holding funeral services involved more hardships in cold weather, than any other part of my duties. The mortuary chapel was a log building with ample chances for peeping between the logs, at the constellations by night, and no stove. When the mercury was getting cosily rolled up like a hedgehog into a ball, the outside was really pleasanter than within the chapel, where a mouldy corpse-like smell seemed to dominate. The sexton lived hard by and a merry twinkle could not be altogether concealed in his solemn features, when I called on him, as the churchwardens' deputy, to give orders for a grave. He seemed to have mentally measured the dimensions of any who were likely to die soon, and would mutter to himself, "I know he will take a full sized grave" or "she wont last long after him, so I better dig deep enough for two coffins." He seemed to keep a hidden store of dry earth somewhere, ready to cast on the coffin at the right stage of the service, when the inclemency of the weather compelled its performance indoors.

I was at one Muskoka church social where the object seemed to be simply to raise money, by any means however unscriptural or indecorous. An election cake was the chosen vehicle to fill the empty treasury of the Lord's house. So much a ticket, one lady pitted against another, mysterious $5 bills put in towards the end, excitements, and rush, and canvassing. This actually inside of the church, and the cake on the very altar. They didn't mean any harm by it, and it would have needed a long course of instruction to show them the hideousness of the whole performance. The bishop left in disgust. He could see that however they valued his office at other times, they were then utilizing him as a lucky arrival to "draw," just as they would utilized a first-class banjo man or Christie's minstrel, to aid a money speculation.

As vestry clerk, I noticed the skill with which the Bishop managed to bring back with his episcopal crook, those who were straying from their essential subject matter under discussion at the meetings.

At one church gathering, I tried to draw him out, to tell us what many were curious to know, namely whether he were "high" "low" or "broad." He answered "I am simply a Churchman." It would be a much better arrangement if a slice of the older and wealthier territory of Simcoe were annexed to the Anglican diocese of Muskoka. I have already spoken of the talent of Bracebridge, what was true of the village was also measurably true of the whole district, as to culture. The crisp and incisive snap of letters to the press—the zeal and energy with which attendance, often involving long travels through the bush, was given to teachers' conventions—these shewed a brisk

mental leaven in the mass of the people. Highly intelligent mechanics and master craftsmen too, from all parts of Anglosaxondom ; half pay officers ; English gentlemen's sons with incomes or capital, who had been in Australia and South America ; such men were sprinkled throughout the Canadian Northwest.

It is not to be supposed, however that Muskoka held no hard citizens within its ample limits. The wildness and sparse settlement of many portions of the country, together with the rarity of magistrates and constables, encouraged lawlessness. I found one instance in the un-organized districts where a squatter claimed a tract of four hundred acres for himself, relations and friends. An Englishman had the presumption to settle on it, had made a clearance, and was shingling his roof, when the squatter and his followers, armed variously, ordered him off the top, and tore down the shanty, so that the victim had to go back far away from roads in the bush, and make a fresh start for his family. Such high-headed raiding would not be ventured on now.

The air in Muskoka, seemed always full of politics, and during one of the teachers' conventions I had the difficult task in the course of my address delivered before the Minister of Education, of steering clear of the political allusions, which were continually coming to my mouth, while speaking on the relations between Journalism and education. My success in skirting, without shooting, this oratorical Niagara, amused Mr. Crooks immensely.

Some of the settlers were wretchedly poor, having made bad selections of land. Their trials and hardships in the earlier days of free granting were grievous, and seed potatoes have been dug up for food, while in the heavy snow falls,the immigrant was practically a prisoner, till a crust became hard-enough for snow shoes. Among the denizens, might also be seen some educated families from England, delicately brought up, whose means were consumed, and in whose shanties, the oat sheaves hanging through the loose boards which lay where a ceiling should have been, contrasted in ghastly mockery with a handsome mahogony chair, relic of their old home across the sea.

Taking them all in all, there was much to admire in the sturdy spirit of the people, and the absence of growling among them. Rightly or wrongly they believed in a great future for Muskoka, by which their children at least would profit.

Physically, the peculiarly dry and bracing climate was developing a strong tough hardy race. The children, brought up in a land teeming with hundreds of lakes, were as much at home on the water as on land, and lads thought nothing of crossing a lake in birch bark canoe when the white caps were madly dancing on the waves. Coming from school, the boys would dash each other into the drifts and

emerge like animated snowballs, screaming with laughter. They went barefooted, late in autumn, when town children were shivering with cold feet, and in the summer, their bare heads defied sunstroke.

Muskoka, in the future, will be an invaluable recruiting field, should Canada ever unhappily need a regular army, and in the meanwhile Reform and Conservative administrations at Ottawa, are alike to be censured for not having organized a volunteer force in Muskoka and Parry Sound, where such excellent physical material exists for its foundation.

One great fault in the architecture of the shanty, was its being built with the floor nearly on the ground level, so that, especially after the sinking of the logs, where the snow melted in the spring, the hard tramped path to the door, became an inclined plane to conduct into the house, water none the purer from the part that cows and pigs stood so often and long in suppliant attitudes outside the door.

One cause which retarded the progress of farming proper, although it raised local prices of produce, was the existence of lumbering on a large scale. Many farmers worked in the woods, when they might have been chopping on their own lots. Another great temptation to draw the free granter from his proper business sprung from the charms of hunting, trapping, snooting and canoeing.

Happy Jack, before immortalized was a sample of this. Not a bad sort of man, no worse naturally than hundreds of others, fate threw him into a country where the lazy element of his nature was ministered to, and the powerful magnet of sport, at first toyed with as a pastime, had drawn him from farming work which he thoroughly understood, and which his strength fitted him for, and developed him into the Indian type, without the Indian's excuse of early bringing up as a hunter.

Drunkenness, too, which clings like an evil spirit to the Anglosaxon race, whether under palms or icebergs, plentifully sprinkled Muskoka with moral and physical wrecks. In this fashion did the tempter smite the temple of man's body; the settler was leaning over his rough-hewn table, moodily brooding over the past and future; on the vanishing light of the first and the coming darkness of the second. It was evening. The icy blast was ruthlessly tearing away the few leaves which the frost had spared. Other sound there was none, except the hoot of a passing owl. He had hay. Could he but sell it, he could get cash, and cash mean't flour, and the want of it mean't hunger. But the roads were impassible, and no work was to be had. Still he brooded, till the tension of thought became intolerable. He sallied forth into the cool air, and strolled along till he heard the sound of rough revelry, from the bush tavern. Maudlin music filled the air. Conscience said "go back," with solemn and stern iteration. His credit was

good, and the elbowed his way to the bar, intending to leave the rude crowd, after his one glass. That glass wrought a miracle. Lazarus became Dives. The potent spirit instantly changed him. He became rich, in his mind, again. The tavern loafers were transformed into jovial friends. He treated and they treated and he treated, until past, present and future were alike drowned in the pool of idiotcy which went before sodden slumber. The habit of drinking grew on him. The coroner was the historian of the sequel.

My house was rather romantically situated, on the edge of a deep ravine through which, doubtless, centuries ago, a strong river flowed. In the winter, I had a companion, a huge snowy owl, which had found is way from the arctic circle I suppose, and was given to me by a lady friend. The huge bird would fly across the room, dodging books and tea-cups without making the least sound. One very cold night in winter, I was coiled under a buffalo-robe, dreaming of the sunny south, when I felt something furiously shaking and striking the "buffalo," which I throw to the bottom of the bed, lit the lamp, and realized my narrow escape from strangulation by owl's claws. Wild animals tamed and untamed were common village pets. A pet deer had the run of the streets and strange to say, was let alone by the dogs which perhaps had a wholesome dread of its deadly forefeet. One Sunday, this deer got into a printoffice where I was sole occupant. I tried to coax it out, but the gentle looking creature, with its beautiful soft eyes, had a will of its own, like some of the mild members of the fair sex. It was determined to stay and go just where it liked. A hint of forcible ejection, made it show fight in a way which threatened to pi the type in the cases and make havoc generally. The congregation were passing the office glass door on their way from church. The lower part of the glass was covered, and one lady looking up and seeing the large eyes of the deer looking through the window, while the rest of the body was hidden, was almost terrified into a fit.

Once I saw an exhibition of savage ferocity which few have ever witnessed —a bear just from the woods, getting his first taste of prison life. He was full grown, an old fighter. One eye had been torn out in some bygone battle. He he had been caught in a deadfall, and chloroformed, after which he was lifted into a packing case, just high enough and narrow enough to hold him while flattening his back. In some wonderful way, he had managed to turn round in the box before he reached Bracebridge. A very strong collar had been put around his neck, and to this, two thick chains were attached. The box was carried on the top of a wide stretch of flat rock, near the bridge. He was a murderous looking bruin and glared even through the holes in the packing case, at the crowd, as if he wondered

which of them would make the best eating. A Bracebridge blacksmith drilled a hole in the solid rock, and therein a stout iron standard was leaded, so that Jumbo himself could hardly have torn it up. To this standard the swivels of the chains were attached as they protruded from the box, which was then opened, and out jumped Bruin, stopping for a moment to take in the surroundings, and stretch himself. Well outside the circle of his chain, were several men stationed with breach loading rifles to shoot him if it should break. Bruin was full of fight and it would have put him in the best of humor could he have even broken someone's leg, but he seemed to see that the odds were too much against him. His one eye seemed to pierce the sparkling river and he sniffed the pine woods on the other side. Away he trotted with an elasticity, chained as he was, which you gentle reader, (I hope you are a noun of multitude), could no more realize from seeing a caged bear, than you could judge the "claimant," after his long years of penal slavery, as to his appearance when his weight broke through the cab floor in Liverpool. Faster and faster he rushed down the rock, till the chain brought him to a dead halt. Then his rage was something terrible. His eye glared like a coal. Raising his right paw, he struck the chain, now strained to its utmost, a fearful blow. Such a stroke! It would have broken the back of an ox! Beside it, the most terrific hitting of Sullivan would be as the slap of a girl to her doll. It was an anxious moment—the least flaw in the links, and the infuriated beast would have been tearing some of us. The iron was sound. He tugged and strained, knashing his teeth, and again striking the chain, but less forcibly as he seemed to realize that he was only hurting his own neck. Then he bit it savagely, his teeth closing with a snap heard afar off, and four being broken in the effort. Soon he changed his tactics and, as if to find some weak spot in the iron, he turned sommersault after sommersault, till the chain was twisted into a coil. Again he untwisted it, by rolling in the other direction and repeated the twisting. After some hours, he seemed to find that the iron was too much for him, and that he could not tear the collar off. He lay down, the picture of surly fury, on the bare rock. The ostler of the hotel managed to make friends with him, so far that he could give Bruin his food without being himself cut into sausages. Still further to pacify him, a tame female bear was brought near, and she tried by all arts of plantigrade endearment to console him. After sniffing at her for some time, he fetched her a cuff on the side of the head, which even by Judge Hughes' exposition of the common law, would be deemed excessive, and which sent Mrs. Bruin sprawling over the rock. The strength of these bears in proportion to their size, is marvellous. Cooper, a hotel keeper in Gravenhurst, kept one which

was remarkably tame. One day I held one end of a hardwood rod, while Cooper held the other end. Between us we weighed 380, while the bear would then turn the scale 250 lbs., so that weight was in our favor. We braced against the stick held horizontally with every bit of muscle in our bodies. The bear very quietly laid his paws on the centre and more easily than I could snatch a stick out of a child's hand, without exertion or jerking, tore the rod from us. If I had not dropped my arm quickly, my shoulders would have been dislocated. This bear was not always to be trusted, however. On another occasion a very aged resident, but a good lady's man, was walking arm in arm, with two theatrical stars, and while showing them Bruin, the shaggy monster caught hold of him, though either of the ladies would have been more toothsome eating, and dragged him to the den. The amount of hunting done in the district, may be judged from the fact that one year forty bear skins were shipped from Parry Sound. The Muskoka minks are far superior in value to those further South, and I saw magnificent otter, beaver, fisher and marten furs for sale.

But I must hury to conclude. In accordance with a testimonial signed by the leaders of both political parties, and through the influence of E. F. Stephenson, License Inspector, I was appointed Immigration Agent for the Ontario Government, and got into the orthodox mode of communicating with the dignitaries in Toronto, and chiefly with Mr. D. Spence the Secretary of the department. My experiences with immigrants, though arduous, had their amusing side. I shall never forget my first batch of new arrivals from England. I was playing chess in J. B. Browing's office. The night was dark as pitch, and the time 11 p. m. I was called from without by the ostler of one of the hotels. By the ghostly glimmer of a lantern I saw a crowd standing outside, really sixteen adults, but to my excited imagination seeming like a small army. They stood gaping at me, as if they expected to be put into fat situations on the spot. I saw them housed for the night, and next morning early, paid them a fatherly visit. They seemed afraid that they might be snapped up by a street bear if separated, and as I went from store to store the whole tribe would persist in following that special one whom I was trying to get employed. By earnest work I got half of the crowd provided for before dinner. A burly young Yorkshire man had vainly tried to get work and was much depressed by his failure. "But I on the contrary got work at once," said a little cockney about five feet nothing in bodily height, but taller than Mount Blanc, in his altitude of unlimited "cheek," by which in some extraordinary way, he had talked and worried a hotel keeper into hiring him as an ostler. This little atom of the great metropolis, by the way, was the self-constituted Moses of the exodus, and the immigrants' infallible referee. He knew all

about the roots, rocks, and ravines and in exactly how many years the Muskoka free granter could retire on his fortune. Before night, I had got all my flock off my hands, except a married couple. The husband had been offered, when in Toronto, a good situation as a keeper in the Lunatic Asylum, but the omniscient little Cockney had drawn such a glowing picture of the wealth of Muskoka, that he joined this batch of immigrants. He was an intelligent man. He saw at once that some little money was needed, even on a free grant. He and his wife, in October, could not live on the future potatoes of the following autumn. He could not do hard manual work of any kind, and manual labour was the only thing to be had in Muskoka. His sole chance was to get back to Toronto, but he only had four dollars left. His wife felt the terrible position keenly and cried bitterly. I had no authority to give them a return pass at the Government's expense, but I did so out of my own pocket, and was unmercifully chaffed for my folly by friends. However after some months, I got all the money refunded by the man, who had got a situation in one of the asylums outside Toronto. While there were many splendid samples of the sturdy Englishman and Scotchman, there were some arrant humbugs also among the immigrants, whom I shall immortalize in the second edition. One of the latter class leaned over my garden fence in a threatening way demanding a pass to another village (not many miles off) and holding up his child in his arms to emphasize his request. Whether the Englishman secretly punched the eyes of the fat baby, I don't know, but a loud squealing ensued, echoed by all the neighboring dogs, and he asked me whether I was going to let his child starve. I instinctively became suspicious and sternly refusing him the pass, told him that the interview was ended. When I saw him next, in a month or so, he owned a horse and various other matters inconsistent wtth starvation, and was conducting a thriving business. Another deceiver was a well dressed young Irishman, who came into the office with a very pompous stride, and sat down pulling an interminable library of memorandum books out of his breast pocket. He was, according to his own account, superciliously squirted out in jerky paragraphs, an Irish gentleman of means. He was vague as to locality, but said he was to be looked at as the pioneer and agent for a number of Irish gentlemen of position, fortune, and rank even he obliquely hinted. These magnates had sent him to spy out Muskoka—"Was there such a place as the Magnetewan?" he enquired, strongly accenting the second e, after the manner of all Dudes. "There was such a place," I solemnly affirmed. "How far off?" I told him. "What preparations did I propose to make to convey him to it?" I owned that the question had not troubled me. If as he confessed pos-

sible, the roads were too bad for a regular Brougham or Landau, he was willing to go in some vehicle of the country. He even so far conceded, as to be content to travel on a buckboard. I advised his going to a livery. "What," said he, indignantly rising, 'you're a Gouvernment agent and make a difficulty about a paultry conveyance. I'll report ye when I get back to Toronto, and more than that, I'll write to the Gouvernor General." I placidly told him that I had no instructions to hire conveyances for well to-do explorers, or to give any assistance to any one not really requiring it. I said, however, that if he would give me the names of those distinguished persons for whom he was acting, and proofs of his mission, I would telegraph to Toronto, to see what could be done. He raised himself. He drew himself up very icily, declined the offer, and asked me to give him an order on the hotel for free board. I declined. He narrowed it down to begging a dinner. I still refused, but gave him 25 cents to get rid of him. In the afternoon, when he had come down to "hardpan," I was sitting on a door step in Gravenhurst, chatting with a brother immigration agent, when up comes the Irish dude, thoroughly toned down and hunting up work. We let him know that a deck-hand was wanted on the "Nipissing," and he ran off to the steamer at breack-neck speed, with all his personal estate—a small wallet—on his back, while we yelled at him at the top of our voices, to hurry.

In 1880, the Provincial Exhibition was to be held in Hamilton. The idea struck me that it would be a great help to Muskoka to send an exhibit there. There was less than a fortnight to arrange for space, gather up the various roots and grain, pack, forward, draw to the Exhibition building from the station and unpack, sort, house and display them. No doubt the Muskoka Agricultural Society would have aided, but there was no time to ask them. At this juncture, J. W. Dill, a Bracebridge storekeeper came to the rescue, and not only lent his wagon, but went with me himself to various farmers' houses, within a circle of about six miles from the village. We went day after day, hauled the grains and roots ourselves, loaded and unloaded them, and packed them for transit. Captain Harston from the Ilfracombe settlment where a number of English gentlemen of means had made large clearings, gave me a splendid collection of millet and other grains. I collected some samples of pottery clay from one of my own lots, red clover four feet high from my ravine, and hops from the garden, also very hard bricks of a remarkable Muskoka clay, which rang with a bell-like sound when struck together. F. Jarett a village blacksmith sent a set of shoes, which was highly admired by the Hamilton Vulcans. Fine specimens of Muskoka white oak and brick were also procured, and in addi-

tion to my own samples, I was lent a collection of Muskoka maple, black birch, birdseye and curly maple. The suitability of the two latter for veneers was recognised by cabinet makers. There was also iron ore from Stistead pronounced by Prof. Craft to be "almost chemically pure," ochre, and some very singular nodules of grey limestone, found in the earth at depths of from 40 to 60 feet, and in the shapes of watches, eggs and globes. Of course the grains and roots were the mainstay of the exhibit. A. P. Cockburn, the Dominion member, had very liberally given me free passage for myself and treasures on the "Nipissing" to Gravenhurst. The Hamilton and North Western railway with equal liberality, continued the privilege to Hamilton. The Hamilton Dominion immigration agent, Mr. John Smith, had taken a deep interest in the whole affair, and had by using his personal influence with the directors, obtained for me a special position not in the vegetable and root shed but in the main central hall upstairs, where surrounded by millinery and other show cases, Muskoka had a a table forty feet by twelve all to herself. Delays always come at the end, and I was pushed to the last for time. As my collection was safely stored on the "Nipissing," I paced the deck anxiously, for I knew if they went on that night to Hamilton, that they might by great exertion, be put in position next day, but if anything delayed them another day, the exhibition authorities could not possibly accept them, since the throng of people would be inconvenienced by the continual passage of porters conveying such large and bulky goods upstairs. All went smoothly till we got to Gravenhurst. Here a railway porter seemed bent on retarding things things generally. I showed him my authority from the railway company to obtain a car. He said that one exhibit had already been conveyed to Toronto free of charge, and he did not see the use in a second exhibition. Telling him to mind his own business, I sought A. P. Cockburn, through whose powerful influence, the roots, grains, &c., were boxed up in a car. The car was attached to the train, but either shunted off or detached and I found to my horror, that I was travelling to Barrie without my precious goods. Here good luck, which has often stood my friend, stepped in. A number of railway magnates, Cumberland among the rest, were in a private coach with the train. Mr. Donaldson, the Toronto Dominion immigration agent a friend, of many years standing was with the party. I sent my card to him, with a line pencilled on it asking him to get the exhibit forwarded. Afterwards I heard that Cumberland sent peremptory orders, when they stopped at Barrie, that "the Muskoka exhibit must go on by the next train." This however I did not then know, and when I saw Mr. Smith next morning I could tell him nothing but that I had seen my car last in Gravenhurst.

Things looked blue. We walked down to the depot and could see nothing of the car, till at last I recognized it with great joy by a branch of hemp sticking over the top. We got a Great Western team, loaded the exhibit, unloaded it and then the tedious work of unpacking, as the toiling porters brought up sack after sack was gone through. Mr. Smith's long experience in the everything connected with agricultural produce was invaluable in the work of arrangement. A large banner bearing "Muskoka," had been splendidly painted by Shields, a village artist, and this we floated on high, while large as the table was, it was well covered with roots and grains. It was a little early for Muskoka turnips, but in potatoes, I knew I could bid defiance to all comers, from any section of the continent. After the exhibit was over, I had some of these tubers cooked by a Hamilton hotel keeper for the public table together with some of my onions, and the universal verdict was that the potatoes had a flavor which none from the older sections of the province could reach while they were at once of large size and mealy. The onions also had a deliciously mild taste. The second crop radishes were very soft and juicy. But I am anticipating. The roots had to be looked at first by thousands, who surged round the barrier, day by day, lost in astonishment. I was hoarse answering their innumerable questions. "Is this the Muskoka exhibit?" was asked every hour in the day till closing time. "What, you don't mean to say that these splendid apples were raised in Manitoba!" "Grapes too!" "Look at that fine yellow corn!" "What immense oats!" Then, (pointing to a stem of hemp, ten feet long), "What in the world's that." Look at that red clover, as high as a man's middle!" "Let me have two or three of those potatoes for seed." Such talk was buzzing in my ears all day. Then hundreds were asking me about their relatives. "Do you know long Jim in Perry?" "How is Mike getting along at the Magnetewan?" "Would you mind taking a parcel to John when you get back?"—the said John being only 100 miles more or less from my house. I was particularly anxious that the fall and spring wheat sheaves should appear to the best advantage, as that was the supposed weak point of the district. They rested on the top of the table and I cautioned visitors against mangling or shelling them. The long armed young farmers, however paid no attention, but stretched forward and shelled the ears. In vain I posted up notices in English, Latin and one or two other languages. Shell they would. One day, I got so annoyed with a persistent sheller, that I hit him a smart rap on the knuckles with my cane. I expected to be annihilated, but he took it as a huge joke, and a large crowd of big Huron men who were near him, laughed till the music of the organ downstairs, was drowned. One morning some English sparrows, worse than the farmers, got in through the roof and would have eaten every bit

of grain on the table, but for an attendant.

The Marquis of Lorne inspected the exhibit, asking questions in his usual brisk business-like way. Some red onions, fully equal to those which gained the first prize, attracted the Viceroy's attention first. They were grown on a flat Bracebridge rock, artificially covered with soil, by a canny Scotchman from Aberdeen, who thus utilized the heat-giving qualities of the stone to force a crop. Then the Marquis asked whether the hops were wild or cultivated, and I told him that they were raised in my own garden, after which he expressed his high approval of all which he had seen, instructed me to send him a work which I had written on Muskoka, and passed on, followed by one of the editors of the London *Times*, who asked the one question whether Bracebridge was the principal town in Muskoka. Another day, the Lieut governor, with his sword-bearing aid de camp, paid me a visit, and I also received Hon. O Mowat and other members of the Toronto Cabinet,

The Hamilton, London and other newspaper gave me very handsome notices, and the Toronto *Mail* and *Globe* sent reporters with special instruction to write up the exhibit, which they did in first class style and at full length. The effect of each of these city articles was seen shortly after their appearance, in the increased crowds thronging the table, so tightly jammed that I feared that the barriers, inside which I walked, would break. Chicory and some specimens of crops not much raised in the Province, were among the novelties which excited them most. Opposite one corner of my table were two boys selling a new style of braces on exhibition. I was drawing the crowds, and receiving all sorts of taffy from notables. They were reaping the harvest. Mine the glory, theirs the gain. I had nothing to sell, and if I had, my official position would would have forbid the thought. They sold, and I was drawing customers for them. The world is unequally divided. My exhibit, though not for competition, received a special diploma from the exhibition authorities. Mr. Smith, the Dominion Immigration agent, referred to it in his official report as having giving a more powerful impetus to make the district known than had been done by any other agency, and the Ontario Agricultural Commissioners to it in flattering terms in their report. The Ontario Government refused to refund me one cent of my outlay in connexion with the exhibit, though they afterwards, as I understand, gave a grant for a display from Algoma at a local fair. Of course, being collected at such short notice, and within such a restricted area, the collection did not do that justice, in some branches, to Muskoka which more time would have ensured.

A few (?) words as to the incidental and permanent attractions of Muskoka, and I have done.

The geologist has something to see there :—Contorted strata, and white crystallised limestone, and what were formerly supposed to be glacier bowlders, but now considered as mineral growths, crystallizing round accidental centres. They are globular, ellipsoidal, or combinations of greater and lesser ellipsoids, joined together, so that each compound figure bears no imperfect resemblance to an old English watch. A very fantastic form was shown by one of these little wonders which are found from forty to sixty feet below ground. The nodule had in its lesser part the profile of an ape, while in the centre of what represented the stomach of the monkey was a polished pebble of pinkish brown limestone. The crystallized limestone is remarkable from an economical point of view, as it will take nearly five of sand and then make strong mortar. Various varieties of rock and freaks of nature are before the traveller's eyes. A bowlder, which ten yoke of oxen would not shake, may be seen resting on top of a small detached stone, which itself rests on a flat rock. A large pine tree is descried on the top of utter infertility, in the shape of a bowlder. Its roots are twining round the latter and clasping it for support, till they pierce the fissures of the rock and find nutriment, where all seems barren. Such are among the curiosities of Muskoka, where also large and magnificent maiden's hair ferns are to be had.

As a tourist's camping ground, the country has few rivals. It's lovely waterfalls, its countless lakes, its romantic ravines, form an ever-changing panorama of beauty.

The sportsman can find a great variety of game, feathered and unfeathered, from the partridge to the shaggy bear. Loons and some noble specimens of tall and pink-breasted herons are to be shot there. Among table birds, the partridge is so very abnndant in some localities that it seems like butchery to kill them by the half dozen. The most popular plan in deer-hunting is to divide into two parties, of which the first follows the antlered quarry in the bush with hounds and drives it to the lake, at which moment they shoot it. Moose are also shot, though rarely. Mrs. Stewart, of Mary Lake, aided in killing two of these gigantic deer,one of which weighed 700 lbs. and was deliciously juicy and tender. The following is quoted from my description of Muskoka sport in the atlas. "Two hunters, one day, with loud and ostentatious preface recounting the boastful record of their past conquests in the chase, after the manner of the Homeric warriors, sallied forth. For brevity, let us christen them Jack and Mack. Mack was to row along the shore, while Jack and the dog were to start the deer towards the water. Soon we heard the loud shouting and the deep baying of the hound, that joyful utterance, when he has struck the scent of the antlered monarch. The clear, frosty air sent each sound of the

chase, with almost painful distinctness through the interlacing foliage of the trees. Nearer and nearer bayed the hound, and then retraced its steps, as if the stag had doubled back to the forest. Meanwhile, a swift dappled vision appeared, some graceful animal, in mortal terror, a ring of crimson gore circling its arched neck, and bounding with such fleetness that the eye could but just identify it as a deer. Shades of Abbotsford, what a theme for your immortal owner! But alas, something always spoils romance in America. The deer was Mrs. Samuel Armstrong's pet and the ring of crimsom gore round its neck was an identifying strip of red flannel, placed there by its fair owner." Not only the Whitestone Lake district, may be be noted but Oakley is a good township for deer, and occasionally such sport can be had not far from Bracebridge. Deserted lumber shanties are convenient for hunting parties. Bring your hound if you have one, to go into training with an experienced dog. There are good hounds to be had for hire in Muskoka. A Henry or Ballard or a Smith and Wesson rifle is the best. Those who prefer it can use a doublebarrelled shot gun for No. 9 or 10 buckshot. The deer sometimes dashes through the open with such tremendous velocity, that a tyro may miss him even at a short range, whereas the spreading of the buckshot, will almost ensure his downfall. Pot hunting and wanton butchery of the deer when crowded in "yards," was (and is) practised in Muskoka, by things in the shape of men, who knocked them down with clubs, and for the wanton and brutal butchery, had no excuse, as the poor animals were too lean or the table and their skins at the same time were not in condition. Numbers of deer were also torn by stray dogs, not strong enough to kill them, but able to lacerate and leave them in lingering agony. The local Government ought to stop this wanton destruction of the deer, by appointing efficient foresters. Immense sums of money are now brought into the district by sportsmen and the legitimate interests of this increasing source of revenue ought to be protected. There are exciting adventures to be had in bear hunting, but Bruin sometimes changes the programme to that of a man-hunt.

The quiet fisherman can have his own peculiar sport in abundance. Authorities differs as to bait. Charley Haviland, an ex-Muskokaite, now in Dresden, swears by the artificial minnow, while my faith is centred in the silver minnow. Some young fisherman get greatly laughed at for bringing worms with them, but the idea is not so very absurd after all for worms are scarce in Muskoka, and in dry weather go down to great depths for moisture. A guide in Bracebridge brought worms from the front, and sowed them in his garden, so that he could always supply tourists. Muskoka Lake abounds with salmon trout and bass among its most valuable

treasures. Alva Westcott, now of Dresden, but formerly connected with a large fishing company, on that lake, says that he has caught several salmon trout, each of which weighed 52 lbs. after being cleaned. The Muskoka river, in Oakley, and Trading Lake have suberb speckled trout, which last named variety, in conjunction with white fish is found in the clear waters of the Lake of Bays. The lakes and streams in Humphrey are full of salmon, speckled trout, white fish, pickerel, bass, perch &c. The lakes all through Ferguson are of clear, good water and abound in all the fish usually found in the Georgian Bay or Lake Huron. Ah-Mik and Se-Sabe lakes (Chapman) abound with bass, pickerel, white fish, and speckled trout. Round Lake (in McMurrich) is well stocked with salmon trout; Big Eye Lake with bass, and pickerel; the Magnetewan with speckled trout; Lake Nipissing, with pike, bass, white fish, salmon and sturgeon; South River and various smaller streams with speckled trout. This fish list is official, from the goverment surveyors. Herring is found in McMurrich. Here again pot-hunting and wanton destruction in and out of season is deplored. I never dare tell fish stories without quoting authorities: George Kelcey says: "The lakes abound with fish in this Township. Whitestone, Shawanaga and Limestone Lakes, contain pickerel, white fish, herring, suckers, catfish &c. High Lake, Upper Lake, and Sovineer Lakes have salmon trout and other fish, but not pickerel. Pickerel and trout are not found together. The fish are easily caught, The setlers take great quantities of pickerel about the middle of May, catching them with their hands at the foot of the rapids. I went to look only one night, taking a man and boy with me, who caught about 800 lbs. of pickerel in about one hour and a half. Quantities of herring are caught at the Narrows (the narrow channel connecting the two arms of Whitestone Lake), in the village of Dunchurch. In November '77, about two thousand two hundred pounds were caught by one man in his nets in about fourteen days. They are not so plentiful now. A herring will sometimes weigh as much as two pounds, the pickerel as high as twenty pounds, I caught eight of them myself, which together weighed ninety-seven pounds." Fishing and sporting appliances and camping outfit, can be procured at reasonable prices and good quality in Bracbridge.

The invalid exhausted by the heats of the city can eat the delicious trout and pickerel of the North, while drinking in the bracing ozone of the dry air. In the hottest summer's day, you can cool yourself by getting in the shade; for certain diseases, notably dyspepsia, the climate is a specific. As to cold, all I can say is, that I do not remember ever wearing a fur cap and I hardly ever put on an overcoat. Once leaving Bracebridge in November with snow on the ground and a clear

frosty air above it, but feeling no need whatever for wraps or overcoat, I found myself in the evening in King St., Toronto, shivering, and my teeth chattering in the chilly breeze. Generally speaking, the Muskoka hotels are well kept, and set a good table.

But what as to settlement and prospects? At present, many are leaving Muskoka for the Northwest, but I see no reason why a farmer with a little capital, if he only makes a good selection of land, should not do well in the former district, where there are tracts of excellent clay loam. Oats, I have seen growing in Hagerman, which a man six feet high could tie over his cap. Potatoes are raised anywhere, even among rocks and loose stones, of great size, mealy and delicious in flavor. Onions, carrots, parsnips and beet do very well, and are of a better flavor than in the front counties of Ontario. Where there is rock it dips steeply, so that I have seen corn waving in contact with the crag. As I heard it put the other day, "When it's rock its rock and when it isn't rock, its soil." I have not seen any of those troublesome bowlders sunk in the ground, which are common in parts of the eastern townships of Quebec. The judicious farmer will find a wall of rock facing the South, an invaluable storehouse of heat to force early vegetables. Clover red and white, thrives amazingly, and a heavy crop of grass is grown on a few inches of soil over a rock, when flat rock does occur. The stock raiser has abundance of pure water everywhere, and cattle came out of the bush bursting with fat in the fall. Sheep do well. Cattle and sheep brought up in the district have good constitutions. I think that in the future, the main industry of Muskoka, will be raising young stock, to be sent perhaps to Kent and other portions of the Peninsula for fattening for the English market. This young stock will come to the fattening process with perfectly healthy constitutions, and take on flesh rapidly, just as young Scotch cattle are finished in England. As an instance of the fattening powers of the bush, let me mention that Mr. F. A. Richardson of Watt, designing to kill two "beef critters" in the fall, allowed one to escape, which pining and searching for its mate, fled to the bush from which it returned by New Year's day, as fat as any animal not stall-fed well could be. Another undevoloped resource exists in the hundreds of unused water privileges, enough some say to do all the manufacturing for Ontario. The subject of forest culture is receiving much attention just now in Ontario. Why not make a beginning in Muskoka? The local government is the trustee of the public heritage not only for 1884 but for all time to come. Why not enforest the barren portions of Muskoka, withdrawing them from the operation of the Free Grant Act, and place the lumbermon under forest laws similar to those of Europe with compulsion to replant, and compensation for so doing? It

is time that everything was done which can be done to develope the back ground of Ontario, and to hasten the completion through it, of the connecting link with the C. P. R,. a railway which will also give colonization a marked stimulus.

ADDENDUM.

The minerals and economic materials of which I know anything of as existing in Muskoka are pottery and brick clay, very hard building stone, ochre, limestone, mica (said to be in large sized plates near the Magnetewan), silver ore, traces of gold, almost chemically pure iron ore in Stisted, molybdenite, and an exceedingly fine red sand which might answer for fine monlds. The pottery clay has the peculiarity of containing the materials of its own glaze, which comes out after the second firing, in great brilliancy. While in Bracebridge, I volunteered to make free analyses for the people, and was soon the happy owner of several cwt of rock, gathered in small parcels from one end of the district to the other. I had to undeceive the fancied possessors of gold mines by naming yellow mica or iron pyrites, as the ape of the queen of metals. One day, an old settler, crept with a look of shivering caution to my office desk. He was one of those who come out to Bracebridge twice or three times a year, remaining with these exceptions, hidden in the inmost recesses of the bush. He looked round, in the attitude of a hawk with a sparrow in its claw, showing a little of the victim so as to tempt the spectator to reach for it, and then hiding it with spreading wing. Any one who has noticed a hawk in such a moment, will have seen that its joy in possession of the captive is not perfect, till it has provoked some one to try to take the prize away whereupon it hides and reveals the property sucessively, saying in plain pantomine, "don't you wish you may get it ?" So with this venerable settler, who after many mysterious gestures, opened out from an interminable series of wrappings, three little bits of which looked like plumbage. He said he had a big rock of it. The samples together would have aggregated the size of half a pea. Prof. Croft, who in the joint interest of science and settlement generally made free analyses for me of Muskoka minerals, pronounced it to be Molyb denite, a rare mineral used to form a certain laboratory re-agent. The settler was a bachelor, and lived alone. He was in mortal terror lest some thief should steal his rock, before he got back. He expressed his intention of building a shanty and residing on top of this treasure, tried vainly to borrow a dollar, and I never saw him again.

THE END.

PRESS NOTICE.

We have received advance sheets of a little work called "Muskoka Sketch," written by W. E. Hamilton, editor of the Dresden Times. It gives a highly interesting account of Muskoka and Parry Sound districts, written with much spirit and strict fidelity to truth. Few people have any accurate idea of the great country to the north of us. Those who read Mr. Hamilton's pleasant and entertaining sketch will acquire very full information concerning it, and will be amused as well as instructed. Some time ago the SPECTATOR referred to the fate of a Muskoka exhibit sent to the Provincial Fair at Hamilton in 1880. The story is graphically told in the sketch. The exhibit was fine in every respect; it proved the great capabilities of Muskoka as an agricultural country, and received a special diploma from the directors of the fair. But the Provincial Government declined to pay a cent toward the expense of making the exhibit. Mr. Hamilton expended a good deal of money; Mr. Dill, a merchant of Bracebridge, the present Reform candidate in Muskoka, aided him liberally; the steamship and railway companies gave him free transportation; but the Ontario Government refused to countenance the thing or to give a penny in aid of it. Afterwards this patriotic Government paid a lot of money to aid a Muskoka exhibit at the local fair in Toronto, but that at the Provincial exhibition, because it was in Hamilton that year, was sternly frowned upon.—*Hamilton Spectator*, Dec. 31, 1883.